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W. S. H. L. L.

[Religion is to do good—Swedenborg.]

His charity was like the snow—

Soft, white and silent in its fall.

Not like the noisy winds that blow

From shivering trees the leaves—a pall

For flower and weed

Drooping below

“What was his creed?”

The poor may know.

He had great faith in leaves of bread

For hungry people, young and old.

Hope he inspired: kind words he said

To those he sheltered from the cold.

For we should feed,

As well as pray.

“What was his creed?”

I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust,

His faith in words he never writ:

He loved to share his cup and crust

With all mankind who needed it.

In time of need

A friend was he.

“What was his creed?”

He told not me.

He put his trust in Heaven, and he

Worked well with hand and head,

And what he gave to charity

Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.

Let us take heed,

For life is brief.

“What was his creed?”

What his belief?

LOVE AND BUSINESS.

In the cosy little private office

appertaining to their business house

sat Halliday and son. Halliday

was a bluff, heavy old fellow of fifty

or thereabouts, with a pair of keen,

bright eyes, which twinkled incessantly,

and was seated in his chair

with his feet on the desk. Son was

a young man of twenty-five, tall,

dark and handsome, clad in a suit

of navy blue flannel, and was seated

on a corner of the desk looking

down upon his father.

“Who is the object of your all

devouring passion, eh, Dick, my

boy?” the old gentleman asked.

“Some chit of a school girl?”

“Her name is ‘Wilkins,’ replied

the young man. “She is a widow,

a double widow, I will say, for she

had been married twice, and is,

come, don’t let your chin drop to

such an alarming extent, for

outside of all that she is worth

fifty thousand dollars, although

that, in my case, is a feather’s

weight in the scales. She is actually

twenty-six, but looks ten years

younger, and is as pretty as a

picture. She has one child, a

daughter, who is at school in Paris,

but, as she is an heiress to \$100,000,

she is not an incubance by any

means.”

“Dick Halliday, you’re a fool!”

exclaimed the old gentleman. “The

woman is almost old enough to be

your mother.”

“Not quite as bad as that.”

“I say, sir, she’s almost old

enough to be your mother! Have

you committed yourself—she has

ensured you?”

“Don’t you remember our old

agreement, father, that when I

thought of marrying I would con-

sult with you before taking the step?

I will therefore introduce you

to Mrs. Wilkins, let you study

her character, and then abide by

ever seen. When at length they

took their departure after spending

a delightful evening the son said:

“What do you say, father?”

“Give me time, my boy, give me

time,” was the reply.

The next day but one Dick started

for London. The weather was fair,

the passage a prosperous one and

he reached his destination safe and

sound. He found the business in a

terrible state, and had his hands

and mind fully occupied and a week

slipped by. One morning he re-

ceived a letter from his father, a

portion of which ran as follows:

“Concerning the widow, I am

well pleased with your choice. She

is a good woman—as good as beau-

tiful. A trifle too old for you is my

only objection.”

Another week went by and

another letter came, in which,

speaking of the widow, the old man

said:

“I am astonished at your extra-

ordinary good judgment in such a

matter. The more I see the lady

the better I am pleased. She is a

most excellent lady in every re-

spect. A trifle too old for you is my

only objection.”

“Good!” said Dick to himself. “I

guess I will stay a week on my own

account, now that the business is

cleared up, and do London. The

old gentleman seems to be well

pleased, and I guess by the time I

get home his only objection will

have been overcome. Not that I

care a straw for his opinion one

way or the other, but peace is pre-

ferable to war at any time.”

And taking a picture from his

pocket, he embraced it most affec-

tionately.

So Dick remained another week,

and did London thoroughly. On

the day before he was to have sailed

for home he received another letter

from his father, saying:

“My DEAR BOY—I never was

more pleased with a woman in all

my life. She is an angel. I don’t

wonder at you loving her. She is

pure, honest, everything you imagine

her to be, but she can never

marry you. It is impossible. I

don’t like to be too severe, but I

can never be. The truth is, Dick,

she has become my wife. Don’t be

a fool now, but come home at once.

A trifle too old was my only ob-

jection. Your affectionate father,

RICHARD HALLIDAY.”

To say that Dick was enraged

would but faintly describe his feel-

ings; he fairly boiled. He wrote

immediately to his father telling

him:

“In the future your foreign busi-

ness may go to the d—, and

your home interests, too.”

Then, after drawing a good sum

of money, he started for the con-

tinent.

For two years he wandered from

place to place, and at the end of

that time found himself in Paris.

Here he fortunately fell in with an

acquaintance he had made while in

London, and who had since married,

and was then doing business, in

Paris.

At his friend’s house one evening,

together to make a match of

We came over with you on the same

steamer.”

“Really, though,” said Dick, ad-

ressing his step-mother, “when I

heard you speaking of your daugh-

ter being at school, I imagined her

to be a little girl, not a young

lady!”

“Oh, no! I was married to Mr.

Kentridge when quite young, and

Julia is now 19.”

“I’ve no objection this time, lad,

none at all. A trifle too old was

my objection before, you know, but

now I don’t see it. And he went off in a fit

of laughter that nearly choked him.

After dinner, the old gentleman

said:

“Well, Dick, our foreign business

is going to the bad, sure enough,

and I think the best thing you can

do is to marry at once and take

your bride abroad and look after it.

I did not sell the old house when I

bought this one, and upon your re-

turn I will have it ready for you to

occupy.

And thus it was arranged.

The house of Halliday & Son still

flourishes, and the children, grand-